A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XXII.

A HASTY WORD AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

Dr. Philips, whose recognized partner Brian became, had known him from the hour of his birth, and on this account, and because, too, of the deep friendship entertained for his father, he took more than usual interest in him.

"I want to see in you the worthy successor of my old friend," he said one day. "You can work out an honorable career, and you should. You owe it not only to his memory but also to that dear, sweet wife of yours. Let her be your inspiration. I promised your father when he was dying that I would act the part of a friend to her. I don't believe I can do that more effectually than by helping you."

"The old refrain, Doctor. In all that is done for me, I see Margaret as the prompting motive. This prevents any feeling of conceit on my part, and I am willing that she shall have the well-deserved credit, but, nevertheless, my windless sails flap rather dolefully."

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"Dr. Philips says I have a dear, sweet wife. What do you think of that, Margaret?"

"That he is a man given to overpraise," replied Margaret, glancing up from the scarf she was embroidering. "A very nice man, though," she added, turning to her work once more. "So good to me and so good to you."

He was standing behind her chair, and bent his head to look into her eyes. Nervous under such close contact she started up, and made a pretense of arranging some books upon a small table.

The sigh with which his eye followed her awakened in her heart some twings of remorse for what, she felt obliged to confess, was an unreasonable betrayal of ill-huumor.

"Come back to your chair, Margaret. You can be very cruel sometimes."

"Have you any right to blame me, Brian?"

A glance at his face made her regret this question the second it passed her lips, but before she could recall it he had left the room, with the words destined to echo in her heart through many long, bitter days.

"No, Margaret. No right at all. I see your love is not for me."

A few minutes later she heard the sound of his horse's hoofs on the drive outside. It was too late now. She must wait until his return. Then she would tell him how sorry she was.

She wondered why the moments dragged so heavily, scarcely an hour had passed since Brian had left her; it seemed more like three. The sound of some disturbance down stairs came to her ears. With a nervous start she listened anxiously. There was no mistaking the hurried footsteps and subdued voices. Something unusual had happened.

With a mind filled with terrible dread, and a heart beating to almost suffocation, she flew down the steps, along the hall, and into the library, and there—— No need to ask the matter now. During a second, in which she seemed to die a hundred deaths, she took in the white face and still form upon the sofa, and then, without even a cry, but with an expression that fixed itself indelibly upon the minds of those who saw it, she knelt beside this remnant of the life and strength of an hour before, and, taking the cold hands between her own, soothed and pressed them in her effort to bring back their lost warmth. Poor hands! a little while ago she had shrunk from their contact, and now they were all powerless, too helpless to respond even to her touch; yet she would still hold them, and, perhaps, after a time he might feel. She would lay her heart on his, he would hear its beating and might understand. She would——

"Margaret."

She heard her name repeated softly; she felt a gentle touch upon her shoulder, and a strong hand lifting her from her crouching position, and she raised her face, haggard and drawn with suffering, to meet Dr. Philips' sympathetic glance.

"Don't give way," he said kindly, seeing the question in her eyes. "We must get him to his room, and meanwhile we may hope that things are not so bad as they seem."

"Poor child," he murmured after he had left her; "and poor Brian. I little thought, when I saw him so well and strong yesterday, that to-day he would be so near death. A sad ending to his young career."

While Margaret sat by Brian's bed, trying in the pain and remorse which filled her heart to overflowing to make the most of the few attentions she could lavish upon him, a thought came to her like a ray of hope.

"I will ask him to come," she said under her breath. "I will ask him to come. Did you call me, Brian?" She bent over the bed and gazed mutely upon the motionless face. No, Brian had not called, and with a heartbroken sigh she turned away to write the telegram which was to tell Wilson of Brian's danger.

And three hours later Wilson came. Well might Margaret say, as her hand rested in his sympathetic clasp:

"I felt so sure that you would come. Your presence gives me strength and hope. I feel that he will be safe in your hands."

"As safe as these hands can make him, Mrs. Leigh. Please God, your confidence will not be misplaced."

Margaret herself scarcely realized the extent of this confidence until she had taken Wilson to Brian's room, and waited with a suspense that amounted to agony the opinion which she felt would mean so much.

She watched his face anxiously, but it revealed little, and only by a subtle intuition did she understand that he considered Brian's state most critical.

With the last gleam of hope dying from her heart, she followed him from the room.

"The truth," she pleaded, pressing her hand to her eyes. "The whole truth. Ah! you hesitate. That is more cruel still. I can bear the truth best."

"Poor child," he answered. "You must not give way to this despair. Yet, since you ask me for the truth, I will not deceive you. Brian's condition is most precarious. The odds are all against him. He has but one bare chance."

"He has one chance," she repeated, snatching at this straw of hope. "Then, Doctor, we will make the most of that one chance. He cannot fight for himself; we must fight for him."

"We will fight for him," was Wilson's reply. "Your courage and bravery must win, and I shall exercise all my skill and all my experience for him. I shall wire immediately for a professional nurse, and since we are to work together I need only remind you of the necessity to keep your health and strength."

"Let me stay with him," she replied, with an effort to compromise, "and I promise to be docile in all else. Ah, I see Bertie. He has heard."

Yes, Bertie had heard; and Bertie, as usual, could not hide his feelings as he gave Margaret messages of sympathy from the friends whose hearts were never more truly hers than in this hour of her trouble.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Two days passed and no change came. The sun lay warm and bright on the lawn outside. The birds sang their same sweet song. The breath of flowers perfumed the summer air, and the unequal battle between life and death still went on in the darkened room.

Bertie sometimes sat up to relieve Wilson and the nurse, but Margaret gave way to none.

"It is only the beginning," she said, in answer to Wilson's expostulations. "Let me stay now. After awhile I will sleep." And Wilson, yielding, she spent three nights in a weary vigil, but when the fourth came nature would stand no more.

She could no longer endure the ravings of a delirium which brought the past so sharply and vividly before her. She could not listen to the eloquent pleadings for love in such weak and broken sentences, nor hear her own reproach, so doubly cruel, repeated by his unthinking lips.

"Oh, for the power to live it over again," she cried in the anguish of her heart. "Oh, for one moment of consciousness in which he might understand."

The sleep induced by bodily weariness was deep and long, and it was quite late the next morning when Margaret reached Brian's room.

Wilson met her with an encouraging smile.

"He has been very quiet," he said, noting the question in her eyes. "I managed to snatch several hours' sleep."

The hours passed slowly. The silence was unbroken except by the humming of the bees outside the window, for even Brian's complainings were stilled for the time. Once he murmured Margaret's name and she felt his eyes upon her face, but there was no intelligence in them, only the dullness of delirium. After a little while he began once more to give expressions to his fevered fancies.

It was always Margaret and the shadow between them, Margaret reproaching or repulsing him, or Margaret helpful and encouraging.

And Margaret could only sit and listen; though when his sharp cry rang through the silence of the room, "Margaret, I can't see you; where are you, Margaret?" she placed her head beside him, and answered in low, wretched accents:

"Here, Brian; close beside you. Can't you feel my hands? They are holding yours."

Did her voice penetrate that dull brain? For one second she thought so. But no. The heavy eyes turned from her face.

"Hands! Who said hands? Oh, yes; I remember now. You said it, Margaret. Don't you know you said it? Your hand would be in mine. Do you—think of—the night? And I said—ah, I—said—what did I—say?"

His voice sank away in an unintelligible muttering. A few seconds of silence and his mind wandered again. He was fighting his old battles now and calling upon Margaret for sympathy and help.

And in an anguish that could find no other expression, she buried her face in the pillow beside him.

"I can't bear it, I can't bear it!" she cried, passionately.

"Bear it," repeated the weak voice. "Bear it? Ah, no; I can't bear your contempt. You are—so hard; so hard—upon me. No right to—reproach you. No right—at—all." Her head sank lower. She could find no answer to these bitter complainings.

Suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and raising her miserable face she saw Wilson standing over her.

"Will you come out in the air for a few moments?" he said, with quiet authority. "The weather is pleasant. Thomas will take care of Brian."

With a sort of mechanical obedience she followed him to the broad piazza, where the pure air, warm sun and odor of sweet flowers seemed doubly grateful after the close atmosphere of the sick room.

He was silent for some seconds. Evidently he found it difficult to put his thoughts in suitable language.

She saw and understood his hesitation.

"I know what you would say," she broke in, covering her face with her hands. "I know so well. You have heard Brian. You understand. And you must realize now what a hard, unkind, undutiful wife I've been. What a——"

"Hush," he interrupted, in a strange voice. "I must not allow even your lips to say such unkind words about yourself. They are not deserved. You lay too much stress upon what he says, forgetting that it is only the raving of delirium. Brian has made me his confidant and I feel that I can judge."

"You cannot know all," she answered, pressing her hands together. "You cannot know of the hundred little things—the motions, expressions, words—all meaning so much. You cannot know of them, but I do. They are always before me, and the last day—the very last day—I spoke unkindly. I shall never forget it—never. I saw that it hurt him. I intended to tell him I was sorry. I had no chance. They brought him back so. Now he cannot know; he cannot understand that I would suffer any pain for a moment of consciousness to tell him I am sorry. God will not grant me even that—not even that."

"Why will you think of all these things?" he asked, presently. "Is it not human to be a little unkind sometimes? Then look at the other side also. What you have done for Brian. We must not bewail the past, but go on bravely to meet the future, promising ourselves always to do better and better. You want to go in now?"

"Yes, Doctor, I feel stronger, and I thank you."

The days passed, bringing but little perceptible change in Brian's condition. But the crisis came at last. Gradually the fever spent itself, and the tired frame, wearied with its long struggle, sank into a stupor so deathlike that only the faint heart beats told that life was still there.

Margaret knew that he would either waken with a new lease of life or pass into that deeper sleep that knows no waking on this side of eternity. She watched and waited, and prayed for the long hours to pass.

The shadows of night, which seemed to have held the anguish of years, gave place to the light of dawn. The lines of blue grew deeper and deeper in the rising sun rested upon the brow of the hills, and the distant crowing of a cock, welcoming the opening day, came like a clarion note through the silence.

It reached Brian's ear. He turned uneasily. Margaret was on her knees in a second, a feeling half joy, half fear clutching at her heart. She bent her face close to his.

Perhaps he realized her presence, for he turned again and moaned slightly. His waking mind was struggling for comprehension, his eyelids trying to throw off the heaviness that held them down. At last they opened slightly, then wider, and their slow wandering gaze fell upon Margaret's face, a face white and drawn from long and anxious watching, but revealing a story of love. Those eyes were not slow to read.

"Thank God," murmured Brian, with an effort to overcome his intense weakness. "Margaret, you—love me—at last?"

With a cry of passionate joy she buried her face upon his breast.

"Oh, Brian, so much! so much that I could not live without you."

"Thank God," he said again, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet vibrating with such inexpressible happiness that it reached Wilson, as he stole silently from the room.

"You have found your true place at last, my darling, my wife. Your true resting place. It is a weak defense now."

"It is my chosen rest and support," she answered, with brimming eyes, catching and holding in its place the weak arm that had tried to clasp her so lovingly. "It is weak now, but it will be strong soon. Let me lean upon its strength always. Let me have your heart, as you have mine, fully and entirely. Oh, if you could know how I tried to tell you this, as I sat by you during those hours when you could not understand; how often I laid my heart upon yours, hoping you might hear its beating, and maybe realize that it was full of love for you! You did not know then, but you know now, and—you may kiss your wife."

Brian could not speak, but his eyes filled with something strangely like tears, as she held her loving, blushing face for the long, tender kiss he left upon her lips.

Neither spoke again. With his hand in Margaret's, Brian was content to lie still until overcome by weakness he slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Future United States.

"The population of the United States will increase for many years yet, but never again in so great a ratio as during the last century," said Prof. Howard W. Shaw, now at the Southern. "This country can support a population of 300,000,000 much more easily than France can support her 40,000,000, but after we touch the hundred million figure our increase will be slow. It is cheap homes and high wages that now attract immigration. Low-priced land will soon disappear and with it will go high wages, despite the wisdom of statesmen. Then, instead of a constant stream of homeseekers pouring into America, a considerable stream will pour out towards the fertile lands of South America and Southern Africa. Uncle Sam will probably begin the twentieth century with 80,000,000 people; he will do well if he ends it with an increase of 20,000,000. By that time—the beginning of the twenty-first century—we will be a homogeneous people. There will be no longer Irish-Americans and German-Americans, but everybody will be American pure and simple. The many streams that are now flowing hitherward from all parts of Europe will have amalgamated, and the result will be one of the best balanced and most intellectual peoples the world has ever known."—Globe-Democrat.

Trunks.

There are comparatively few round-top trunks made now. The idea was that greater resisting power could be obtained with least weight by imitating to some extent the shape of an egg, which, as we know, will bear an absurdly great weight, but unfortunately there was no guarantee that the baggage-smasher would always stand the trunk the right way up. His failure to do this gave numberless reminders of the fact that no box is stronger than at its weakest point, and the damaged sides became very common. Now most trunks are made with flat tops, and are so strong all over that it is very difficult, even for an expert trunk-smasher, to break one.

Artificial Worms.

The latest triumph of Yankee inventive genius is an India-rubber fish-worm. It is said to be a remarkably good imitation of the common earthworm, is indestructible, and in actual use proves as alluring to the fishes as the genuine article.

FOR work to be the promoter of long and valuable life, we must know how to perform it and within what limits. Like everything else, we must use without abusing it.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Lord Kelvin, the great British scientist, declares that the earth is 30,000,000 years old.

The New York University purposes to establish a station in Bermuda for the study of marine life.

Notwithstanding the rapidly increasing use of electricity there is no diminution, but rather an increase, in the use of gas in Germany. Last year 733,000,000 cubic metres of gas were manufactured.

A complete cure in a case of lockjaw is reported from the German Hospital, San Francisco. The case was treated by an injection of a tetanus anti-toxine similar in its source to that used in cases of diphtheria.

An Austrian Lieutenant named Schimatzel has made an important military invention. It is a cover, made of leather, canvas, or rubber, for keeping out dust of moisture from the breech mechanism of a gun. It can be rapidly opened, and when closed it has the further use of preventing the gun from going off accidentally.

The latest enumeration of the Asteroids, or small planets, circling the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, shows that up to the close of 1896 no less than 429 had been discovered. The number of new ones found last year was twenty, but sometimes it turns out that the supposed discovery of another asteroid is really only the rediscovery of one that had been seen before. They cannot be identified by their appearance, since, except a few of the larger ones, they are mere specks of light, and the only way to keep track of them is by studying the orbits in which they travel.

Pretty soon after the cricket frog appears the cry of the peeper is heard. Much erroneous information has been published about this tiny young fellow. Many persons believe the cry to be made by the young of other frogs. As a matter of fact, the peeper is a distinct variety, and a very curious little fellow at that. He is not more than five-eighths of an inch long. The peepers hibernate under sod and in such places a few inches beneath the surface, and when they come out in the spring are of a grayish yellow color, or a reddish brown. During the summer they are nearly white, but at all times they bear upon their backs a well-defined "X" mark in brownish bands.

Clever Blind People.

Joseph Wunprecht, of Augsburg, Germany, was blind from birth, but kept a secondhand book shop so successfully that he retired. A writer in Scraps says that his shop often contained as many as twenty thousand volumes but so acute was his memory that if he had once handled a book and placed it on the shelf, he could always find it again immediately it was wanted. When a fresh batch of books came in, Wunprecht's wife described them to him, and such was his knowledge of books that he was able from this alone to accurately price them.

A blind doctor is certainly a rarity, but a blind doctor who practises, and not only practises, but does so successfully, seems an impossibility. Still, there is an example of this. Dr. Hugh James, of Carlisle, who only died in 1869, lost his sight when about twenty-five years old. At the time he was studying surgery, but gave that up, and took to medicine. He successfully passed his examinations at Durham, and took the degree of M. D., and by his skill soon got a large practice together.

Joseph Strong, a Birmingham mechanic, was another blind wonder who died about the same time as Dr. James. His special hobby was making musical instruments, and he built several organs quite as good as those made by seeing men, besides a number of flutes, violins, etc., which in tone and finish were decidedly superior to the majority of those imported into this country. In the latter part of his life Strong turned his attention to weaving, and with his own hands, unaided by anybody, constructed a loom which contained several important improvements upon those then in use, and some of these improvements are in use at the present day, nobody having been able to improve upon the invention of a blind man in that line.

New York's Finances.

The gross municipal debt of New York City now amounts to $198,554,128, which is partly offset by a sinking fund of about $78,250,000, making the net bonded debt about $120,000,000. The interest on this indebtedness amounts to $7,500,000 in round numbers annually, of which $2,500,000 is provided by the sinking fund.

It costs $50,000,000 a year to pay the running expenses of the city government, in addition to which there is an annual issue of about $15,000,000 of bonds to help out on maintenance and improvements. The rate of taxation for the past three years has been as follows: 1894, $1.79; 1895, $1.91, and 1896, $2.14. The city receives each year about $3,380,000 from water rents, and at least $3,250,000 from various public franchises.

The total number of persons in the employment of the city ranges from 21,000 to 21,250.

Goldfish in Niagara River.

Niagara River is said to be teeming with goldfish, but as they are hard to catch and bad to eat they are not regarded as a very desirable acquisition. They have been seen there only within the past year. The fish are said to have come from a creek in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y., where a few were placed several years ago.

A Town of Caves.

The city of Banian, in Great Bucharia, is cut in the side of a mountain. There are 12,000 artificial caves, some very large, and two statues, one ninety and the other twenty feet high, each hewn from a single stone.

THEY TALKED OF BIMETALISM

UNCLE SAM'S COMMISSION MEETS ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIVES.

ROTHSCHILD IS TO BE CONSULTED.

British Statesmen Give No Intimation as Yet Indicating Their Intentions Regarding the Matter.

An important conference was held at the foreign office at London Monday between Senator Wolcott, former Vice President Stevenson and General Paine, the members of the United States bimetallic commission, and Ambassador Hay and Lord Salisbury, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, Arthur Balfour, first lord of the treasury, and Lord George Hamilton, secretary of state for India.

The conference, which lasted an hour, was preliminary to the carrying on of further negotiations on the subject of international bimetallism.

The Americans did most of the talking.

Lord Salisbury inquired what were the powers of the American commissioners and was informed that they stand authorized to make arrangements for the holding of an international conference to negotiate a treaty of international bimetallism which they might submit to their government for ratification.

It was stated also that France was ready to co-operate with the United States, Great Britain and Germany in reaching an agreement for international bimetallism.

The British representatives present made no statement indicating their intentions in the matter.

Rothschild Called In.

Consultations of high British officials will be held before another meeting with the American commissioners, and in the meantime the latter will privately discuss the question with Baron de Rothschild and other financiers and endeavor to secure their support.

Lord Salisbury accompanied Messrs. Wolcott, Stevenson and Payne to luncheon at Windsor on Saturday, where they were received by the queen and presented to her majesty their commissions as special envoys.

The reception was entirely formal.

LAURADA CASE IN COURT.

Witnesses Explain How Munitions of War Were Landed In Cuba.

United States Commissioner Redmond Smith resumed the taking of testimony in the steamship Laurada forfeiture case at Washington Monday.

The witnesses heard were Jeremiah Hurley, Alvan Lund and Harry Hansen, all of whom were employed on the Laurada early in the current year, when the expedition to Cuba is alleged to have taken place. Lund was a fireman and the other two were sailors.

The testimony was to the effect that the Laurada left Baltimore on February 26, 1897, with Captain Hughes in command. She proceeded to Barnegat, N. J., where a cargo of munitions of war was taken on board, and from that place the boat proceeded to San Salvador and the munitions were landed in Cuba.

COAL PRICES ADVANCE.

The Strike Arbitrators Hold a Meeting in Pittsburg.

A special from Pittsburg says: The miners' strike is causing the price of coal to still advance and Monday it was selling at an increase of 150 per cent since the commencement of the struggle.

The feature in matters pertaining to the strike was the presence in the city of the joint arbitration board, who are endeavoring by every means possible to bring to a peaceable conclusion the strike now in progress.

The board held an informal session, and in the intervals interviewed quite a number of operators, the big majority of whom are in favor of arbitration, provided all of the operators will abide by the decision rendered.

One of the dissenters is W. P. Dearmitt, president of the New York & Cleveland Gas Coal Company. He declares he has nothing to arbitrate, and says the strike is the result of the machinations of the politicians.

THE RATES WILL STAND.

North Carolina's Railway Commission Declines to Change Them.

The North Carolina railway commission announces that after a most painstaking investigation of the present passenger and freight rates they find passenger rates as low if not lower than in any other state of like population to the square mile, while freight rates compare most favorably with any state.

From these facts and those elicited at the hearing, the commission declares the present rates just and reasonable and declines to now make any material changes.

FIREMEN TO HELP STRIKERS.

Grand Master Sargent Writes a Letter to President Ratchford.

In a letter received by President Ratchford, at Columbus, O., Thursday from P. F. Sargent, grandmaster of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Mr. Sargent offers his personal assistance in any manner deemed best by Mr. Ratchford and also suggests a plan for the membership of the organization, numbering 30,000, to assist the strikers financially.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

New Industries Established In the South During the Past Week.

Southern correspondents report an encouraging volume of trade for the time of year.

Iron operators notice a slight decrease in the demand, but feel no uneasiness, as some dullness is expected at this season. Prices are being maintained and shipments continue good.

The strike among the coal miners is not general in the south and has not been seriously felt as yet. In the Birmingham district it is expected that an agreement will be reached this week, with a probable cut in wages of 2½ cents per ton.

The textile industry shows improvement. Orders for fall delivery are coming in steadily and both cotton and woolen mills report increased activity.

Among the most important new industries reported for the past week are the following: A thirty-barrel flouring mill at Jonesville, Va.; a fifty-ton ice factory at Mobile, Ala., and another at Wilmington, N. C., to cost $50,000. The Virginia Mining and Reduction company, capital $15,000, Alexandria, Va.; the Hailey Mining company, capital $500,000, Hatton, Ark.; the Bristol Marble company, Charleston, W. Va., capital $50,000; the North American Oil company, capital $500,000, Parkersburg, W. Va.; the Painters' Oil and Mill company, capital $75,000, Alvarado, Tex., and the Dixie Oil company, capital $100,000. Atlanta, Ga. The Elmwood Manufacturing company, capital $200,000, has been chartered to build a cotton mill at Columbia, S. C., and a 10,000-spindle mill will be built at Waxhaw, S. C., by the Rodman-Heath Manufacturing company. Woodworking plants will be established at Platt City, Fla., Lake Charles and Vivian, La., and Newberry, S. C.—Tradesman (Chattanooga, Tenn.).

ENDEAVORERS' CONVENTION.

A Message From the Founder of the Great Organization.

The International Christian Endeavor convention of 1897 held the past week at San Francisco, will pass into history, in some respects, as the greatest and most memorable of all its fifteen predecessors.

An attendance of more than 40,000, a registration of over 26,000 actual Christian Endeavorers, which is equal to an attendance of 20,000 in any large eastern city, when we remember that half of the attendance cross the Rocky mountains in order to reach the convention.

But better far than number and more worthy of note was the spirit of the convention; its earnestness; its genuine ring; its high spiritual qualities.

It brought a blessing to California; it will leave a blessing to California; it will leave a blessing behind it and all the delegates will take a blessing home with them as they scatter to the remotest parts of the world.

FRANCIS E. CLARK, President.

The foregoing message, written for the Associated Press by the founder and leader of the Christian Endeavor movement, concisely summarized the work of the convention.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS INVITED

To Attend Unveiling of Statue of General John A. Logan at Chicago.

The following address was issued from Atlanta, Ga., Tuesday by Gen. Gordon to the camps of United Confederate Veterans:

The Logan Monument commission of Chicago extend to you, through me as commander-in-chief, a most cordial invitation to participate in the ceremonies incident to the unveiling, on the 22nd instant, of the monument to General John A. Logan, erected in that city by the state of Illinois.

Hon. Wm. H. Harper, chairman of arrangements, in his letter to me, says:

"We cordially invite you, and through you, the members of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, to be present and participate in the unveiling ceremonies. Will you, as commander-in-chief, kindly issue such orders as may be necessary to give this invitation to all bodies in your organization, and promise them upon behalf of the committee having this matter in charge, a hospitable reception if they come to Chicago at that time."

As commander-in-chief, I have assured the committee that the Confederate veterans would appreciate most fully the courtesy and cordiality of this invitation. J. B. GORDON.

MORGAN WAS SEVERE.

Alabama Senator Scores Pacific Railroad Managers.

A Washington special says: A discussion of Union Pacific railroad affairs occupied the attention of the senate Monday. The deficiency appropriation bill was taken up early in the day and Mr. Morgan proposed an amendment designed to prevent the consummation of an agreement made some time since for the settlement of the government's claims against the road. Mr. Morgan spoke throughout the day, severely arraigning the Pacific railroad managers.

JOINT PROPOSAL PRESENTED

In Behalf of United States and France for Adoption of Bimetallism.

A joint proposal of bimetallism was presented Thursday on behalf of the United States and France at a conference held at the foreign office at London.

The proposals, after some discussion, were taken under advisement, and the British cabinet will give its answer at a subsequent conference.